Chapter 221: The Call to Confrontation

Sung Jin-Woo's eyes opened slowly, a faint glow lingering in the depths of his irises. The quiet halls of the Umbra Citadel remained unchanged, the soft hum of its ever-present power filling the air, but in his mind, a storm had already begun to churn. The knowledge he had uncovered in the library had unsettled him, but it had also steeled his determination. The Abyss, once a conquered realm, had hidden something so ancient, so primordial, that it threatened the very foundation of his rule.

He stood from the throne, his movements fluid and purposeful. Despite the chaos within his mind, his physical form remained a beacon of calm, the embodiment of control. The Scepter of Dominion pulsed with energy at his side, and the Absolute Crown’s fragments, bound to him, gave off a quiet hum in unison with his rising resolve.

“I cannot allow this to continue,” he whispered to himself. His voice echoed softly in the empty citadel, but the weight of his words felt like thunder in the silence.

Without hesitation, he extended his senses through the multiverse, his All-Seeing Eyes reaching out once again. His mind expanded to the farthest corners of existence, sweeping through the Abyss, through the conquered realms, through the worlds he had shaped and ruled. There, in the deepest recesses of the Abyss, the presence was still there—faint but growing, an unmistakable force that was beginning to stir from its long slumber.

Sung Jin-Woo narrowed his eyes. It was a malevolent force, ancient beyond comprehension, one that had likely existed even before the formation of the multiverse itself. Though its true form remained hidden, its influence could already be felt.

He knew he had to act swiftly. The longer this force remained unchecked, the more it would consume the Abyss—and perhaps even more than that. The multiverse itself might be at risk.

“I’ll need to gather my forces.” His mind shifted to the vast armies under his command. The Apostles of God, the Dark Apostles, the Heavenly Soldiers, the Shadowkins, the Dragonkins, and even the Shadow Lords and Fiery Dragon Lords—each one of them a formidable force in their own right. And yet, even together, they might not be enough to face whatever lay in wait within the Abyss. Sung Jin-Woo knew that his next move would require all of his power, the power of the Absolute Crown itself.

The decision was made.

With a simple gesture, he summoned his presence into the Shadowverse Universe, sending a signal to his closest allies—his son, Sung Su-Ho, and Ashborn. These three, as the Divine Triad, were the most powerful beings in existence, bound by the Absolute Crown and the Scepter of Dominion. Together, they would be an unstoppable force.

In a matter of moments, the vast shadowed expanse of the Shadowverse Universe was filled with a quiet surge of energy. Sung Su-Ho appeared first, his dragon wings unfurled as he emerged from a rift in space. His eyes, glowing with an otherworldly light, fixed on his father.

“Father,” Sung Su-Ho said, his voice deep and calm. “I felt your call. What is happening?”

Sung Jin-Woo nodded, his expression grim. “Something has awoken in the Abyss. I do not yet know what it is, but it is a threat to the entire multiverse. I need you to gather the forces of the Shadowverse and prepare them for battle. We may be facing something beyond anything we’ve encountered before.”

Sung Su-Ho’s eyes darkened, but there was no hesitation in his actions. He turned without a word and vanished into the depths of the Shadowverse Universe to carry out his father’s command.

A moment later, Ashborn appeared beside Sung Jin-Woo, his celestial wings gleaming in the dim light. The ancient being’s presence was like a cosmic storm, a power that transcended time itself. His expression mirrored that of Sung Jin-Woo’s—focused and resolute.

“I felt it too,” Ashborn said, his voice low. “The stirrings of something far older than the Abyss itself. I have seen echoes of this presence in the depths of the multiverse, long before even the Absolute Crown was forged. If it has awoken…”

Sung Jin-Woo cut him off. “Then it’s time to put an end to it.”

Together, the three of them stood in the heart of the Umbra Citadel, the future of the multiverse resting on their shoulders. The armies of the Divine Triad would mobilize, but Sung Jin-Woo knew that brute force alone would not be enough. They would need strategy, wisdom, and a deep understanding of whatever entity was now stirring within the Abyss.

“We will descend into the Abyss and face this threat head-on,” Sung Jin-Woo declared, his voice filled with conviction. “We have the strength, the knowledge, and the will to see this through. The multiverse is ours to protect.”

Ashborn and Sung Su-Ho nodded in unison. The three of them knew the gravity of the situation, and the magnitude of the battle to come. But they were the Divine Triad. They had faced countless trials before, and they would face this one, too.

“Let’s go,” Sung Jin-Woo said, and with that, they vanished into the shadows of the Umbra Citadel, their presence already on the move toward the heart of the Abyss.

The time had come to confront the unknown.